

Now when a bair is in the house
 This endey now in Spain!

Clear fresh, clean smoke coming out,
 The children over, the mother, how
 Fresh rubber, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~smoke~~ ^{smoke} ~~burned~~ ^{burned} hair

Let off the hand and under smile,
 What no new-shaved father pret!

Gladness diffused to college hills;
 With sweet ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~unaccustomed~~ ^{in the} ~~hills~~ ^{hills} ~~meet~~ ^{meet}

And neighbours come to walk to church,
 Two maidens & one man:
 The kit, the boy, are all for her,
 The baby sweet as lavender,
 The infant of a sparrow!

They bear her to her father's courts,
 Promoted by this charge;

And, does she smile, or does she weep?
 Good memories will no record keep,
 And tell the tale at large,

When she or her turns brings the bair

~~a new gift to the god~~ ^{the sign upon his brow.}

When water sprinkled, ^{11/12/1863} Cross me out?
Witness to heavenly ^{pre} intinct imbited

No man can tell us how,

"Wh- stuff?" the ready scopper cries
Wh- ^{may} an infant know
Of mysteries of sin or grace
May glorify a ^{cur} disgrace
The man in him shall know.

"That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And any fool may see
The growth, development, or ~~part~~,
The puny efforts, simple arts,
By which he grows in size.
The way of the Spirit, or we can tell,
Nor how He comes and goes;
In the babe's secret heart and mind
A knowledge scarce of human kind
The little we may spell.
Not - what we hear nor what we see,
Hear I, & know so well,
Babes all the bairns his Lord receives,
The bairns who loves & fears & prays,
And with his love doth dwell.